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very fresh and pleasing in color, with spirited action.

No. "Death of Tybalt," by Mr. Alfred Fredericks. By far the best picture that Mr. Fredericks has yet painted. This picture, differently hung, would appear to be, what it really is, a very good piece of color; but, unfortunately, the gray tone throughout the shadows is almost identical in color with the wall which the Academy has so ingeniously painted, to the utter ruin of many excellent pictures.

No. 372. "Shakspeare Arraigned before Sir Thomas Lucy for Deer-Stealing," by Mr. J. W. Ehninger. There is in this picture some very good painting. Mr. Ehninger, perhaps, has not sufficiently considered the perspective of the figures; those in the foreground are somewhat too large to be correct, and the group wants compactness. The costumes are generally well painted.

No. 375. "Drifting," by Mr. W. J. Hennessy. This a picture strikingly unpleasant in color, and suggests too strongly other compositions of the same subject by eminent foreign artists. The treatment of accessories is in some respects excellent, but the faces are too vague in drawing to be expressive. The eyes as in the gentlemen's picture, "In Memoriam," seem to be omitted.

No. 377. "Returning from a Raid," by Mr. J. A. Oertel. It would, perhaps, be better for Mr. Oertel's reputation were he to confine himself to crayon drawings, in which he is remarkably successful; and still more should he abstain from animal subjects, in which his slight knowledge of comparative anatomy often leads him astray. The color of this picture, both in light and shadow, is very injudicious; The *chiara-oscuro* is also incorrect. There is no difference indicated, either in outline or intensity, between the general shadow thrown across the group by some object out of the picture, and the cast shadows directly under the feet of the animals. This is an inexcusable error. Among the errors in drawing, we notice all the legs of the animals, the chest and shoulders of the led horse, the arms and shoulders of the negro on horseback, the neck and head of the horse upon which he is riding and especially the two oxen chained together, who could not possibly take the relative positions in which they are drawn, on account of the well-known law of physics that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. These faults stand out glaringly, and are apparent to the least of observant eye.

No. 380. "Valley of the Androscoggin," by Mr. James Fairmean. This would have been a fine picture in effect had not the yellow tints been so injudiciously chosen. In other respects it commands attention.

No. 338. "Compensation," by Mr. George C. Lambdin. The subject is very good, being much pleasanter than Mr. Lambdin's sick people usually are. The treatment is good and effective.

No. 360. "The Last Touch," by Mr. W. D. Washington, is so full of merit, that it deserves a much better space than has been allotted to it.

No. 390. "October in the Catskills," by Mr. Jervis E. McEntee. Too violent in color, and is much below Mr. McEntee's usual stand. Some of the detail in the foreground is, however, very fine.

No. 397. "First Printing of the Bible, 1450," by Mr. Edwin White. There is room for improvement, in every respect in this picture. It is indifferent in design and color. It gives evidence of carelessness, which should never appear in the

works of an artist of reputation. Had Mr. White been more earnest, he could have done more justice to the subject.

No. 399. "Morning Glories," by Mr. W. T. Matthews. A clever picture. The subject well treated and very carefully painted.

No. 409. "Gettysburg," by Mr. J. F. Cropsy. This is a vast extent of landscape, which, from the total absence of feeling and the lack of any one point of interest or visible effect, amounts really to nothing as a work of art. It might be characterized as a portrait of the American flag and the flagstaff on which it is hung; and its value might be appreciated by the fact that the subject, being being upon a large scale, necessarily required a correspondingly large canvass.

No. 415. "At the Front," by Mr. George C. Lambdin. A pleasing picture, were it not for the painful fact that the principal figure, like some others of which we have already spoken, is eyeless. Whether this is occasioned by some wound which he has received, but of which there is no outward indication, or is owing to some absence of mind on the part of the painter, we do not know. But the fact remains that the unfortunate hero is as utterly and hopelessly blind as the fishes in the Mammoth Cave. At the next Academy Exhibition, we expect to see a number of figures painted without noses, which would make an agreeable variety. Apart from this, there is really striking merit in the picture, both as to color and character.

A CORNER-STONE LYRIC.

A man stood gazing up in the sky,
To look at the moon which did not shine;
His air all unsteady, and restless, told
Of mental woe, or of too much wine.

And thus he said, in an under-tone
"I've been a laying the corner-stone."

Two men stood gazing, they knew not why,
They wanted to go, they knew not where;
They watched the crowd as it hurried by,
And steadied themselves with a sober air.

But both of them said, in an under-tone
"We've been a laying the corner-stone."

Three men walked with unsteady gait,
They wanted to see each other home.
They strove to go each a different way,
Saying "Leibe Freud, mit me you gome."

And all of them said, in a maudlin tone
"We've all been a laying the corner-stone."

One man made for his virtuous bed,
But he tumbled oft as he went up stairs.
His good wife said, "O, where have you been?"
Troubled with tender, womanly fears.

When her lord replied, in a hic-cup-v tone—
"My love, I've been laying the corner-stone!"

What is this "laying the corner-stone?"
I asked of one whom I met in the street.
He said "'Tis an old masonic rite,
That fuzzles the head and unsteadies the feet.

If you meet a man who can't stand up alone,
Be sure he's been laying the corner-stone."

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

FOURTH ARTICLE.

Among the most faithful students of nature, as indicated by the present exhibition, we must rank J. O. Eaton.

Mr. Eaton's works in landscape show that the artist is wholly uninfluenced by the theories of the schools,—he neither, on the one hand, shows an addiction to academic formulas, nor, on the other, has he set out with a pre-Raphaelite predetermination to see nature in a certain way. He seems rather to have gone out of his studio,—in which he has principally devoted himself to portraiture, and with masterly success, as the present, equally with the last, exhibition gives proof,—to refresh his eye in the open fields of nature. His landscapes are truly studies.

Though Mr. Eaton does not consciously adopt a theory, or class himself with a school, he must nevertheless submit to be instanced by us as a representative of the positive tendency in art. He studies nature as an end, instead of using her as a means for the composition of brilliant show-work. He is an analyst. He evinces a hearty satisfaction in the mere existence of the various individual things that compose the whole of nature,—in their simple vitality, their strength of growth,—a kind of satisfaction which they experience who read with pleasure, notwithstanding a sense of the ridiculous, the bare catalogues with which Whitman intersperses his more highly-wrought passages. But the limitations of the painter's art do not leave the former the same freedom which the poet may take. The unities hold him under their sway. Mr. Eaton is somewhat open to censure in this regard. There is an apparent lack of unity in his pictures, a lack, which, we think, arises rather from a want of gradation in color than from an unfortunate selection of the point of view. It should not be said *per contra* that in a study the unity of the whole is not to be required. Nature in her compositions always heads the unities, indeed conceals unities within unities, which it is the high function of the artist to discover and expound.

In positive color, however, Mr. Eaton is a close student; it is only in delicacy of gradation that he fails. In his two studies in the present exhibition, it is difficult to tell from what direction the light falls, a fact determined not simply by the line of the shadows, but by the gradations of color.

In connection with Mr. Eaton, James Hope may be mentioned as revealing similar qualities of feeling in the study of nature. Neither are imaginative. Both are hearty and true. Both are realists. Both evince a home-like Scotch tenderness which would spare the wee daisy of the fallow. Mr. Hope, however, having devoted himself wholly to landscape art, displays more skill as a colorist. But our estimate of the latter artist is made up rather from his recent "Forest Glen," than from his winter scene in the exhibition, a work which is hung too unfavorably for judicious review. Mr. Hope, however, can afford to despise the petty affronts of ruling academicians; a few more pictures, such as the "Forest Glen," exhibited at Goupil's or Avery's, will give him an independent position in the world of art.

Among the works of these artists whom we have classed as representative of the modern positive spirit, we call attention to the landscape, "Bald Mountain," by Fidelia Bridges. The foliage of the foreground is finely individualized and harmonized; but the mountain in the distance is brought too near the eye, is too hard in color.

J. C. White's "November in New Jersey" is an exquisite work, close in its study of details, delicate in its gradations and altogether charming in its rendering, by its mist-softened

light, of the dreamy melancholy peculiar to the season it depicts. The artist, whose name is new to us, has, in our opinion, achieved one of the best things in the exhibition. He has, perhaps, somewhat departed from Nature in giving an undue zig-zagging to his tree-branchings,—but the error may be our own. His sky is wonderfully beautiful. Exquisite as are some of McEntee's renderings of the Fall, there is yet, in this work by Mr. White, a superior beauty which, free as it is from the least taint of exaggeration, will not be apt to cloy.

G. L. Clough's "Shady Brook" is a very fine study indeed, which we wish we had more time to characterize in detail. We look for good things from Mr. Clough; he shows the right spirit.

Miss V. Granberry's "Cherries" is the best fruit-piece we have seen for a long time. The cherry leaves are beautifully done. In Miss M. S. Barstow's "In the Woods" there is some pleasant painting of ferns; we wish the rest of the picture were as good. Mr. Lawrie's works show close study, but they, nevertheless, impress the observer too much as though they were painted over or after crayon drawings. There are in his pictures many special things well painted, but, as a whole, they lack truth and harmony of color. Mr. Anderson's "Fish-kill Village" is another work showing close study of nature's forms, to which is added considerable refinement of color. The foreground in this picture, however, seems to us too monotonous in effect. The "Study," by J. L. Fitch, is in the right direction, shows somewhat of rawness, but gives promise of success. Those works we would like to dwell upon more particularly, had we the space. And doubtless others there are which have for the moment slipped our memory, that, equally with those mentioned, give proof of the rise of a new and holy faith in art, which will, ere long, be fruitful in good works.

CONCERTS.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL OF THE ORPHEONIST SCHOOL AND CHARITY CHILDREN.

The idea of getting up a Grand Choral Festival, the musical portion to be mainly sustained by children's voices, after the manner of the great annual festival at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, has long been entertained by Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins, who, for several years, devoted much time, without remuneration, to the vocal and musical education of poor children, having established and sustained orpheon schools both in New York and Brooklyn.

In these schools he has trained up many of the boy singers who have become popularly known in the best churches of both cities. Months ago Mr. Hopkins commenced to work up his Orpheonist Festival. He tried to interest the principals of the various charitable institutions in the undertaking, offering not only to do the labor of teaching, but to divide the profits between such institutions and the orpheon schools. He received but little encouragement from the principals of most of these institutions, music being considered a dangerous accomplishment for Christian children. These disappointments reduced the proportions of the Festival far below the expectations of Mr. Hopkins, but still he expected to bring into action about one thousand children.

The destruction of the Academy of Music by fire entirely deranged Mr. Hopkins's plans. The Festival was to have been given there. Tickets and private boxes were sold, and the

success of the enterprise, both in a musical and money point of view, seemed to be certain. But the fire overthrew the whole arrangements, and Mr. Hopkins was compelled to take refuge at the Cooper Institute, and to spread the proposed one day's Festival into two days and a night. The disappointment was general, and certainly threw a damper over the public and also the performance. The Cooper Institute Hall is a great barn of a place and its acoustic effects are so peculiar that every chord seems divided into a half a dozen parts. The same with the voices. The hall was about half-filled—it will hold, we believe, over three thousand people—by a very intelligent, but sombre looking party. The thousand singers were not forthcoming; there being, at most, Orpheons and charity children, girls, and boys, and men, not over three hundred singers and the orchestra.

Mr. Hopkins, we have no doubt, did his best; he received promises from many, instructed many, but few came; and the result was a very small Festival indeed. It would be useless to go through the programme in detail. The children were very well trained; they sang correctly, followed the conductor well, and gave some very good color to some of the choruses. "The Chorale" by Marat and Besa, "The Echo Chorus," "The Vermont Farmer," "The Little Carol," by Hopkins, which is sweet and effective, were the best of the vocal performances, and the "Hallelujah Chorus" of Handel, the worst. The first day we only heard the soprano and contralto, the Harmonic Society's tenors and basses, if present were subdued to an impalpable nothingness. It was a very melancholy performance indeed.

On the repetition of the Festival the vocal selections went more smoothly. The solo attractions at the Festival were Mlle. Boschetti, Miss M. Brainard, Signor Orlandini, Mr. S. B. Mills, and Mr. R. Goldbeck. All these artists are well known, so that we need not particularize their share of the entertainment, albeit some of the efforts were amenable to pretty sharp criticism. The hall, however, is so unfavorable to solo display, that the artists are entitled to the benefit of the doubt.

The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Theo. Thomas, performed two of Mr. C. Jerome Hopkins's instrumental compositions. The March we have noticed before; the overture, entitled "Manhood," was new to us, and we are glad to pronounce it the best composition in every way that we have yet heard from Mr. Hopkins's pen. The ideas are clearer stated; there is more grit in them, and the instrumentation betrays less the hand of a novice. This is a work of good promise, and gives us reason to hope for the future of Mr. Hopkins's talent. As a great Choral Festival, Mr. Hopkins undertaking has proved a failure, from reasons beyond his control, and we shall not feel inclined to encourage such another attempt, unless the condition of things is essentially changed, affording a better guarantee of the fulfillment of promises than the untiring efforts of one individual with a large development of hope. Of the pecuniary results of the Festival we have had no account.

SUNDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

The last Sunday Evening Concert takes place at Irving Hall, on Sunday evening next. The programme will be unusually rich in artistic names, besides the usual party, Messrs. Castle, Campbell, Colby and George W. Morgan, Miss Kate Macdonald, Miss Zelda Harrison and Miss Matilda Toedt will appear on this occasion.

These concerts have become wonderfully

popular, and this, the last one, will be the most brilliant of them all.

GARDEN MUSIC.

Mr. Theo. Thomas will give a series of concerts with his grand orchestra, during the Summer months, at Koch's Terrace Garden, on Third ave., between Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth sts. The place is a pleasant suburban retreat, for it overlooks our beautiful park, and is of easy access. The beautiful music will, doubtless, attract thousands to enjoy the shade of trees and the health-giving air.

GRAND CONCERTS AT IRVING HALL.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement, in this day's issue, of two concerts to be given next Saturday, at Irving Hall, for the benefit of Mr. Rullman, Janitor of the Academy of Music, who lost everything he possessed by the late fire. The attractions will be extraordinary, and will surely crowd Irving Hall to its utmost capacity, twice. At least we hope so.

MATUINI MAIL.

Into thy chalice bright, O morn,
Droops, like a pearl, thy star.
Lo, in the east, a day new-born!
Light streameth from afar!
I watch, as o'er the distant hills
It silently comes down,
Like myriads of golden rills
Upon the shadowy town
I scent in every passing breeze
A delicate perfume,
Wafted from plumed lilac trees
That glow with purple bloom.
I listen to the cooing doves
Which haunt the old church tower,
And dreamily tell o'er their loves
Unwearied hour by hour.
And such a charm the dear earth wears,
It seems a joy to live,—
No day in all the rolling years
A lovelier morn could give.
Sweet Nature, prophesy to me,
While winged moments pass,
And swiftly fall the shining sands
Within time's crystal glass!
When fades the light, when droops the flower,
When seeks the dove its nest,
Let some glad token of this hour
Abide within my breast,
As kneel I humbly at thy shrine
Where all is mystery.
Oh heart of nature, bend to mine,
As bends to earth the sky.
Lead up my soul from grovelling things,
Give thought a richer tone;
Inspire me with the hope that springs
From noble aims alone;
Teach me the grace of loving deeds,
The consciousness of such
E'en like a rosary, whose beads
Yield blessings to the touch,
Would kindle in this shade and dust
A faith serene and bright,—
Life would be full of quiet trust
As morn is full of light.

M. E. J.

New York, May, 1866.

CONCERT-GIVING IN PARIS AND NEW YORK.

A CONTRAST.

Our American readers will be surprised to learn the different modus operandi of giving concerts in Paris and in this city.

In New York we have but one hall where an artist can well give a concert—Irving Hall. We have also for small chamber concerts, Dodworth Hall, and Wallack's Theatre for matinees.